# The Wellesley Magazine.

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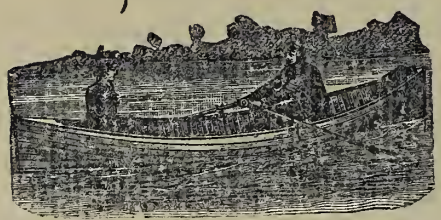

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# The Wellesley Magazine.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY, FEBRUARY 18, 1893. No. 5.

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The WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is published monthly, from October to June, by a board of editors chosen from the senior class.

Terms, $2.00 per year; single copies 25 cents.

All *alumnæ* news should be sent, until further notice, to Miss Carol M. Dresser, 93 Tyler Street, Boston.

Advertising business is conducted by Miss Helen G. Eager, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions to the MAGAZINE and other business communications, in all cases, should be sent to Miss Marion N. Wilcox, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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## *A GLIMPSE INTO LIFE.*

Will you come to St. Mary street with me? You can do so quite safely, now. Ten years ago you could not have gone at all unless you were a man; and then you would have been obliged to seek the company of a policeman.

It is not a pretty street, even to-day, in this year of grace, 1893. The houses are small and mean. Some of them are wooden and look as if they were rotting away. The street is only two blocks long, but several black courts, like snakes, lead off of it, towards—what? We won't explore them just now. It is not well to walk in St. Mary street without rubbers, unless, indeed—but that is another story. You will like to observe the curious little shops, with latticed windows; they seem full of strange and somewhat unpleasant-looking objects. Do you see the woman rubbing that apple before she sells it to the little boy? She is a picturesque woman. Would you like to eat that apple?

Stop! What is this house? It stands by itself, near a tiny park. Its little white steps are clean, there are curtains at the windows, and here one lovely window smiles out into the street a gay smile of scarlet poinsettia and clustering ivy. We will go in! Inside it is prettier than out. See the warm coloring, the open fires, the little group of girls, evidently from St. Mary street, sitting in low chairs with story-books in their hands. And here are two or three young college women coming eagerly forward to give you sisterly welcome.

What! You say you don't care for it? It is too much like what you are used to? You would rather have more of the street? Very well; come up-stairs to my window. You shall look out of it for a few hours, and watch the drama as it unfolds.

It is entertaining enough for a little while to see the people going in and out of the little shop, and the children playing. Black children, olive-colored children, pink-and-white (mostly white) children, children in rags, children in plush coats, children in pretty much nothing at all—laughing, scampering, innocently enough, you think, unless you happen to open the window.

Hark! Another noise. A woman rushes out from one of the courts—a handsome woman, young, with flaming cheeks. She shouts, scolds, curses, sobs. In about thirty seconds a crowd gathers. The men, as they listen to her, all laugh; the women scowl, and some of them cry. Presently a policeman appears. He goes into the court, comes out, laughing too, and walks away. The woman has vanished. Shall we follow her? Be careful where you step in the court. Drainage of all kinds covers the ground. Here is the room where the noise centres. Two women. The one who scolded is scolding still; her head is bleeding, do you see? The other, silent, except now and then for a few high, rapid words, presses a child to her breast. She is beautiful, this woman, with a dark Hebrew beauty. Her eyes are desperate. An artist would see a Mater Dolorosa. There is an odd swelling on her forehead. They talk "Jew," the German lingo. We understand at last that the husband of the still woman has come in drunk, and struck the women with an empty beer-bottle—there are several bottles on the floor. She lost her baby a week ago. She has been married to him two years; he has never struck her before. Her eyes are glazed; she does

not see you as you try to speak a word of comfort. Come away, you can do no good. A man passes us in the entry with a pitcher in his hand. "It vas only a little drunk," he says, with a snickering laugh.

Come back to the window.

It has grown dark; evening has come. Hark! There's a voice. Is it scolding this time? No. It is singing a hymn:—

"Come where the living waters flow,
Come where the living waters flow,
Come where the living waters flow."

The voice is loud and cracked. It breaks into speech now:—

"The Lord's inside! Come in, come in and find Him! No need to stand in the cold when He's got a warm place inside for you to set in an' find Him. Where the living waters flow. I've kep' up this meetin' twenty years, an' it shall be kep' up after I'm gone. Some one'll provide a lamb. Some one'll be at the hellum. Some one'll work for General Jesus."

That is Blind Susan and her Gospel Meeting. Till late at night the meeting resounds through the street. At last all is quiet and dark. All? Not quite. In the small house opposite there is a light; you can see it, a kerosene lamp. A man's figure bends near it, rocking a little back and forth. The lamp will burn, the figure will rock, all night. It always does. The man is a Russian Jew. He is doing tailor-work, making a coat for some contractor. It is the companion house to that where we found the woman. I know the house. The garbage stands in heaps on the floor; the sinks are frozen stiff, and there is no way of disposing of the refuse water. Who will wear the coat? Your brother, perhaps, or your father. If you come to Church with me some morning, early, at half-past six, you will see the lamp still burning, the figure still bending and rocking. Sometimes I have dreamed that it was bending over a shroud.

Have you had enough of my window?

Perhaps all this has sounded a little grewsome; yet life in St. Mary street has essential beauty, power, and promise. In order that you may understand them, let me explain the location and work of the Philadelphia College Settlement for women.

Thirty years ago St. Mary street, like the old Five Points of New York, was a terrible region, a centre of crime and disorder. To-day it is safe for

young women to live in the street, and to receive their friends there. The change has largely been brought about by a small company of devoted people, who have bought and controlled tenement-houses, have organized a circulating library of good books for the children and a carpenter's shop for the larger boys, and have forced the most unruly element to leave the street. Something over a year ago these people—the committee of the St. Mary Street Library—asked the College Settlements Association to help them; and when the Association agreed, they made ready for us a little house so charming and so cheery that it is a delight to live in it, and still more to offer its bright hospitality to the neighbors. It is strange to waken during the night in a dainty room, and to realize that one short year ago this room was the only home of a family of six. The house was opened as a Settlement last spring; and since then, a few women, sometimes more, sometimes fewer, have been living there and sharing the life of the neighborhood.

The people around are very poor. Indeed, one learns what poverty means for the first time in living among them through the bitter winter weather. They live huddled together, whole families, sometimes with lodgers thrown in, occupying a single room; they have few clothes to wear, little fuel, often nothing particular to eat for days at a time, seldom steady work. They belong to the "left-overs," the submerged tenth. One realizes that they have sunk to the region of the picturesque as one climbs the sharp curves of an outdoor staircase, steps past the red washtubs on the balcony into a room whose blue plastering has largely fallen down, showing the timbers above, and interviews the occupants—an antique woman, Sphinx-faced, inscrutable, and a group of half-breed children of strange, startling, uncanny beauty. Negroes, Jews, Italians, live together indiscriminately in the neighborhood. When they have a job and are paid for it, they eat; when they have none, they go without. Are they not very shiftless, you ask? Very. Are they not unstable? In the extreme. Might they not get work if they wished? Some could not, but some could. Is not their misery their own fault? The answer to this question would carry us far afield. These are the Idle Poor at the bottom of society; they correspond, point by point, to the Idle Rich at the top. Between the two comes the great body of the productive class, from professional men down through all the ranks of skilled and unskilled labor. Separated by this mighty class, come the two ex-

tremes of society, singularly akin in character and industrial value. Idle rich and idle poor alike subsist largely on charity; that is to say, on wealth which they have had no share in producing. The charity enjoyed by the rich is on a larger scale than that open to the poor. It is usually bequeathed to them by dead men, who worked for it; while that of the poor is less pleasantly bestowed. Idle rich and idle poor alike are completely unskilled in any productive labor. Both are indolent, shiftless, pleasure-loving; both lie abed very late in the morning, and for revenge turn night into day; both can work well "on a spurt," but are a little injured at the suggestion of steady, laborious employment; both, though lazy, have a hundred good qualities; are affectionate, good-natured, merry, charmingly companionable.

Shall we condemn the idle poor? Perhaps; only let us be sure that our justice is impartial. And perhaps it would be as well to begin at this end of the social scale to practise the maxim which we are fond of quoting at the other: "Judge not, that ye be not judged; for with what measure ye mete it shall be meted to you again."

Perhaps a little story will make you know our neighbors better.

"Mrs. Meadow has taken a start," was the announcement made at the dinner table. "I found her washing her mattress because 'it looked that dirty.' What can we do to encourage her?" Consultation follows. It is not advisable to give anything to Mrs. Meadow; her possessions are already in the pawnbroker's hands; but a judicious loan, followed by repeated personal friendly visits, with frank advice on subjects of personal cleanliness, may do wonders. We are taken over and introduced to Mrs. Meadow—a young black woman, with a merry face, arrayed in one limp garment. The furniture of her one room is that which etiquette demands in St. Mary street—a range, a bed, a broken chair, and a baby. Mrs. Meadow is highly delighted with the offer of sheets; and when the coarse, unbleached cotton is spread over the wide bed, she regards the scene with a satisfied "Well, now, them's grand." Seeing that nothing is apparently to follow, I ask, with rather hesitating politeness, "Have you no bed-clothes, Mrs. Meadow?" "No, miss," smilingly. "And you have no coal?" "No, miss." "Aren't you pretty cold these winter nights?" "Well, miss, you see I've got the baby, and I hold her close, and she's good and warm," with

which image of contentment and new suggestion as to the use of babies I withdraw, silent.

Constant visits, interspersed with severe and encouraging remarks, make Mrs. Meadow live up to her sheets like the bride to her teapot. The room, the baby, and Mrs. Meadow herself are in decent condition, at least half the time. To be sure, the father has no work and no visible means of subsistence; but he and the little woman—she is only nineteen—are as gay as the day is long, and life is one huge joke interspersed with moving prayer-meetings. Once I become aware that Mrs. Meadow's large black toes are protruding, plump and bare, under her one garment; inquiry elicits the fact that she had but one pair of stockings, which she has cut down "for him," and that all her shoes are in pawn. "Most of our things are in pawn," says Mr. Meadow, regretfully, and he brings out a large pile of dirty yellow tickets; he and she explain them to me, convulsed with laughter. "A table, a white spread, blankets, her dress, her flannel skirt, her hat, the baby's clothes, all but what she's got on; and"—mournful climax from Mr. Meadow—"Even all my pictures. I paid forty cents for the framing of 'em and I only got fifteen cents off 'em." The cloud is short-lived; amusement at my consternation gives them a delightful half-hour; and when I return with the shoes redeemed and a present of a pair of stockings, no words can describe the glee of the couple. I wish I were as happy as Mr. and Mrs. Meadow; I wish any other friends of mine were as happy.

Yet let me take care! I have seen them happy; I have also seen them plunged in deepest woe. I went there the other day. No fire; floor covered with dirty scraps; bed not made; Mrs. Meadow sitting disconsolate by an open window, the keen air blowing on her big bare arms. The baby—eighteen months—was scolding and flinging its bottle away. "What's the matter with the baby?" "I don't know, miss," in disconsolate tones;—"Baby, what do you want, anyway?" "What is in that bottle?" "Tea, miss." "Tea! Don't you know it's bad for a baby to drink tea?" "Yes, miss," submissively. "Why do you do it?" "There wasn't no money to buy milk." "How long since the baby had any milk?" "Day before yesterday, miss." "What has it had between then and now?" "Tea; only yesterday Miss' Hilton she give me a bit o' soup for it." "Mrs. Meadow, you sweep this room out clean as quick as ever you can, while I

go and get some milk for the baby out of this money that I'll advance your husband on a job for me." Half an hour sees a greedy, happy baby, a clean little room, and a radiant young mother cuddling a sleeping child.

But the problem of the Meadows is not solved by redeeming a pair of shoes, heating a bottleful of milk for the baby, giving Mr. Meadow occasional jobs, and paying the wife fifteen cents a day to nurse a sick neighbor. What shall be done with them? They are not bad. It is not the slightest use to attribute their destitution to moral depravity. They are no lazier than many a fashionable young couple; they are no more incompetent to earn their living. Mrs. Meadow will keep herself and her house clean—if she has some one gently to remind her of it at stated intervals. Mr. Meadow will work—if he can find a job. He is not skilled; no one ever taught him anything. He is not stable; he does not inherit stability. He is not prudent; what force, of example or teaching, should have made him so? He is a child, with the childish virtues of docility, sweet temper, joyousness, readiness to work under direction. Has the world no place for him, and his foolish little wife? Seemingly not. Has the world a place for their numerous prototypes in polite society? Seemingly—yes.

What place, alas! for any of these people? Science seems to answer, None. There is a funeral in the street to-day; we know whose funeral. The hearse stands alone, waiting; the driver jokes with the keeper of the little shop opposite; a crowd of children gather about, curious, laughing, half-afraid. It is the funeral of Pleasant Poole, a young consumptive girl. She was very patient; she had no friends. One eye was blind, the other had a cataract. Her clothes were in pawn, and through the bitter weather she wore nothing underneath a thin dress. Her cough was cruel. She lived with a woman who "boarded" her for her work, but when she became too ill to work she was not happy. She came to us on the last day of her life and sat by our warm fire, and begged to be taken to the hospital. In the afternoon she was to go; but she went "home" instead, to die of sudden hemorrhage. We found her lying, naked, on a heap of rags. She is buried to-day, and there are no mourners, though since we are here there are friends who give thanks, and repeat under their breath the De Profundis. Science found no place on earth for Pleasant Poole. What place would Christ have found?

Such are the people among whom is placed the Philadelphia Settlement.

What can the house mean to them? What can it do for them?

Little, and much. Little relatively; pitifully, tragically little, in proportion to their tragic and unbounded need. Much absolutely, when we consider that a Settlement means only half a dozen simple lives, lived sincerely in the spirit of love.

It means, first, the presenting to the people an ideal of life and a standard of morality which they would otherwise never see at first hand. It means showing them gentleness where they know violence, purity where they know profanity and obscenity, graceful order where they know chaos.

It means bringing them, in many cases, actual material help. Marvelously patient, pitifully ignorant, they lie and suffer speechless. There is help to be had, though they know it not; and in serving as a medium of communication between helpless need and remote supply, the Settlement finds one of its most practical functions.

It can, often, find employment for the men and women, and, by constant and moral suasion, keep them at it. Sometimes, from a small Employment Fund at its disposal, it can even furnish work.

It can give industrial training, which shall enable the people to get better work by and by. A carpenters' shop for the boys, cooking classes for the girls, a Sewing Industrial Society for the women. It can furnish all kinds of wholesome amusement and occupation, to keep the young people off the streets. A library, penny concerts, military drill for the boys; a hall open for games or for reading; a stamp savings bank, to encourage thrift; a hero club, a choral class. Better still, because less official and more human, it can hold open to the people constantly the hospitality of a real home, a centre of beauty and friendliness. That this is worth doing no one could doubt who should see a set of eager boys of eighteen—wild enough in the street—gathered around the piano singing hymns, or listening earnestly to some beautiful old story. Women come to spend an evening round our blazing fire; little children sit contentedly for hours, nursing a yellow kitten; stray callers, desiring advice, or simply hungry for a bit of friendly intercourse, drop in and out, sure of unfailing welcome. One cannot measure work like this; it is not work, it is life itself. But if life cordial, friendly, graceful, is worth living anywhere, surely it is worth living where cordiality,

friendliness, and grace gain from their very rarity a tenfold value and a tenfold power. Surely, there was something worth while in our ten Christmas parties; in the soft and shining welcome of our beautiful Christmas tree; in the hushed and awed attention of our little guests as they sat before it in silent joy, or listened, rapt, for half an hour to the gentle playing of exquisite music. Sets of little street children, untrained and wild, would look with eager interest at photographs from the best pictures of the old, old Christmas Story; would listen, little Jews, Roman Catholic Italians, and all, to the Story told in the unapproachable words of the Gospels. One need not descend to reach the very poor. If a Settlement shows anything, it shows that the best of art, the best of life, they are ready to receive. Shall it not be given to them?

So much for the immediate practical meaning of a College Settlement to its neighborhood. What, now, does it mean to the residents themselves?

It means broadening of life; it means experience of life; it means sincerity of life.

Broadening of life. Not among the poor people only. "How you must feel your isolation from your own class!" said a sympathetic caller, one day, not realizing that she was the seventh visitor from up town who had been received that morning by the distracted resident.

They come, they come; all classes and conditions, ages and sexes, till the Settlement seems an epitome of modern life. Philanthropic ladies come. One of them says to you, with a sigh: "How do you manage to win the confidence of the poor so perfectly? I have tried all my life, and I've never succeeded, though I'm sure I have been as condescending as I could be." Clergymen come; sometimes fretful, despondent, questioning the Christianity of their fashionable churches, helplessly adrift as to the way of salvation; sometimes inclined to look a bit askance at this new movement; sometimes sources of inspiration, suggestion, and earnest help.

Students of social science come. They have been known to come twenty strong at a time. Their modesty is in inverse ratio to their age. When mature, they are our most valued visitors; when young, they assure us that their interest in these problems is purely scientific and untouched by sentiment. "Would you please play a game of checkers with that noisy boy?" asked a stern resident, at a critical moment, of a very young student. "I?

oh, no!" gasped the answer. "My interest in these matters is entirely from the point of view of sociology."

The general public comes. It insists on discussing Woman Suffrage or the Elizabethan Drama with you while you are trying in vain to put thirty coats on thirty small children simultaneously, without getting mixed. It wonders at you; alas! it pays you compliments. But it gives you sympathy and generous faith, and, on the whole, its presence is sustaining.

Wise men and women come, and deepen the humility and strengthen the purpose of women who are trying to do a tiny bit of work in a very big world.

Yes, life at a Settlement is broadening, by virtue of the wide contact into which it brings the resident with all sorts and conditions of men.

Also, it enlarges experience. How, do you ask?—but I am at the end of my paper.

Will you take an instance? Here it is: Street-cleaning.

You remember that I said to you, long ago, that St. Mary street was not nice to walk in. Heaps of garbage cover the sidewalk, rivers of drainage flood the road. But once, for a little while, it was nice. The Settlement wrought the change. With Ruskinian ardor, and under compulsion of solemn inward vow, it devoted itself during an entire week to the problem of cleaning the street. First, came a personal attack. It was a beautiful sight to see one of our number, with bonnet and gloves, sweeping the road vigorously. The large boys gathered to help; one of our friends out of work was hired for the roughest part of the job; the woman from the shop emerged, stout and energetic, in apron and turban, and joined in the fray; the small girls, fired with emulation, clamored for hot water and scrubbed our white steps till they shone. In three hours, one could walk in the street without rubbers; the débris lay in tidy heaps of "nice, decent garbage," as a friend enthusiastically described it; and we and our neighbors viewed the scene with complacent congratulations. This was the first act of the great street-cleaning drama. But the drama is not at an end. What shall be done with the rubbish?

We allow it to lie unmolested for three days; we then make a raid upon the city. The city is courteous. Certainly; rubbish is to be removed three times a week. Only, just at present, appropriations for 1893 have not been

made. Nothing can be done till a meeting of the City Fathers. How long will it be? Oh, not more than ten days.

What! wait ten days for that rubbish to be removed? Lose all the effect of our noble object-lesson? *Never!* A family consultation is held. "Put the dirt in barrels," it is suggested; then it will not deface the street, and we can wait serenely the movement of the city. Barrels it shall be! Nay, an ardent suggestion is made that we furnish permanent barrels for the entire street, green barrels, æsthetic barrels, uniform barrels, with a Morris frieze painted around the top. This last out of special deference to the resident, who has a hobby that high art can be brought to the masses.

But wait! a difficulty! Our enthusiasm must pause. This rubbish is technically known as garbage. If it is put in barrels the street-cleaning man will not remove it; it is not his business to remove anything in barrels. The ashman will not remove it; it is not his business to remove anything but ashes. Enchanted rubbish! sacred rubbish! what shall move thee from thy place? How shall our street be clean? In this conflict of functionaries some of us are reminded of a summer experience at Wellesley, when the rising-bell did not ring and no one came to breakfast till the middle of the morning, because the maiden to whose office bells belonged was ill, and no one else dared usurp her function.

Meanwhile, those little heaps remain; nay, they are becoming scattered broadcast over the street. Woe, woe, for Ruskinian ardor and the vow of cleanliness! Shall we give up and confess officialism too much for us? Or shall we put the dirt in barrels and carefully dump it out again when the longed-for dirt-man may be expected to appear? Or—happy but expensive thought!—shall we have the dirt carted away ourselves? This is the decision. A boy friend out of work is summoned with his cart—one of our own Sunday boys. Vigorously he goes to work, ardently he sweeps and chops and shovels. The street is clean, for to-day, and, while waiting new developments, we meditate on the substantial reality of dirt and the peculiar nature of city action.

Experience in various lines as unfamiliar as street-cleaning and sometimes not so disheartening may be gained at a Settlement. Yet, after all, the best thing that a Settlement offers its residents is not experience, but sincerity

of life. Sincere lives may be lived elsewhere; but some of us are forced to the conviction that it is not easy to live them nowadays. In a Settlement one knows that, whether one achieves much or little, one has at least placed one's life at the point of greatest need in the modern world,—between those alienated classes which cry out for a mediator, for that which shall draw them together and interpret each to each. Life in a Settlement throws away convention and artificiality; at the same time it retains the charm of thought and beauty which makes the world worth while. It is a life which brings the new, strange sense of perfect freedom. It is a life which can realize perfectly, here and now, that social and Christian democracy wherein alone lies the hope of future salvation.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

---

*WINTER NIGHT.*

Is there a wizard who can tell
What fairy drops they use, what spell
To brew this air? And yet, oh well,
Such secrets are withholden.

Far floats the violet vault, far, far
Beyond the throne of farthest star.
Would I, through portal thrown ajar,
Might spy the dreamland golden!

ADA MAY KRECKER.

---

*TO MAURICE DE GUERIN.*

Pure soul, thou art thyself the Centaur-youth
That sought from forest sage the world's hid meaning!
Startled with life, thou fledst from men, and, leaning
Thy tired heart 'gainst Nature's, begged for truth;
And loving her throughout the sad-glad hours
Of thy spring-time, one day gently averred
Thy love: "I saw a swallow and I heard
The humming of the bees upon the flowers."
Then Nature, too, a new love-longing felt;
A soul who saw and heard her lightest sign
Of life was soul so delicately fine
It must within her own warm being melt.
Suddenly—thy life-desire was gained,
And life-enfolding love by thee attained.

*A SHADOW PICTURE.*

A little child lived in a great lonely country house. A dark wood was near it, and the trees around the house seemed to have stepped out from the forest. As they grew, year after year, they came closer, until not only the shadows but the boughs themselves touched the eaves of the house. The child loved the trees. Sometimes she sat under them, watching the sunshine chase the shadows, and laughed gleefully. Sometimes she watched the shadows creep over the sunshine and slowly come towards the house, until she thought the darkness that lived in the wood by day had come out for a time into the fields; and when the shadows had all closed in, some one took her up the dark stairway of the old house, and she dreamed about the shadows until morning.

When the morning came she played with the shining myrtle that grew under a balsam tree, until she thought the little blue flowers were becoming wan and pale. Then she looked up and pulled down the brilliant trumpet vines that crept over the old stone house. But the myrtle vines were so dark, and the trumpet flowers always seemed to glare at her, and she was afraid, and ran into the sunshine to see if they and the shadows would follow.

When the dark house and the myrtle, the balsam tree and the forest cast their gloom all around the child, a look of deep sadness crept over her face, like one of the shadows that eat all the sunshine. But her cheek dimpled and her mouth laughed, as she chased the butterflies, or lay in the deep field grass, with the sunlight all about; only, the shadows would fall when there was sunshine. Even in the open field they came and went over her face, until they were gathered up into her eyes, and wonder and awe grew in her soul.

The violets in the field would not speak to her, and the daisies merely nodded; so the child was lonely and prayed the birds to sing with her. As she played with the flowers, or wondered about the darkness in the wood, little birds hopped about; they twittered overhead, until her longing for companionship with some real living thing almost made her sad, even when the birds were singing. Sometimes she lay in the deep grass, perfectly motionless, hoping the birds would think she was a fallen branch; then they would hop over her, perhaps peck her face, twittering all the while as they

did when they flew among the branches of the walnut trees. But this never happened; and the little child grew among the flowers—tall Easter lilies, violets and daisies, myrtle and trumpet vines—into sweet young girlhood. She was so bright and cheerful that people loved to watch her. They never saw the shadow in her eyes.

The sun shone so brightly about her that her friends often called her Sunshine. Some one thanked her for the cheer and the gladness she always brought with her, and asked her to pray that she might keep her fountain of joyousness when the evil days should come,—some one who had seen the shadow in her eyes. She laughed; it was so impossible not to be happy, and the memory of nodding daisies and pure white lilies always chased the shadows.

The years passed, and the young girl's face grew more thoughtful. Some said it was whiter and purer.

A woman went back to the old house that seemed to have just escaped from the forest. But the dark myrtle vines, with their pale, pale flowers, had crept over the lilies; little bushes from the forest had crowded out the daisies and violets; the balsam tree had fallen and dragged down the trumpet vines. As the woman walked through the bushes, a shadow crept from her eyes all down her face. A little bird twittered in the branches, in the evening light, and the shadow that passed over her face left a brightness in her eyes.

The woman entered the house and walked up the dark old stairway to dream again of the shadows. When the morning came she was still dreaming. The sun shone upon her face and the shadows had crept down the stairway.

MAUDE KELLER.

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*THEMES.*

## A MEADOW STUDY.

A BUTTERFLY alighted on a spray of golden-rod, that bowed for a moment beneath his weight, then rose erect again as he sailed away. A robin hopped over the ground, his little head perked inquisitively on one side, his eyes on the sharp outlook for a stray worm. The would-be musical frog, weary of practising his "croak, croak, croak," jumped unceremoniously into the stream, which "Splash-ed" angrily and then was still again. From

the branches of the oak tree a foraging squirrel dropped his nut, which fell through the spider's newly completed web, and demolished an ant-hill on the ground below. A lazy bumblebee flew by, his gossamer wings looking all too delicate to uphold his heavy weight. Somewhere in the green overhead a soft "Chee! chee!" was heard. A little breeze had lost itself in the air and was wandering aimlessly about, disturbing the quiet of the nervous leaves. A single white cloud floated in the sky, which bent blue and still and changeless over all.

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL.

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## THE MESA.

ALL about me ripples the gray-green barley, stretching eastward to a rounding hill where lies a patch of fallen sunshine,— California's golden poppies. Far beyond Sierra Madre stands, a gray-blue ridge, snow-tipped, against the white-blue sky. To the south, the field lies flat, then ends abruptly, and I see 'twixt heaven and earth a narrow band of glistening water,— the Pacific.

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## THE MUSTARD.

SUMMER has come, bringing death to the wild, green world. There stands the ghost of the March mustard field, a mass of dry, white fretwork. Over its myriad fragile twigs the setting sun is darting threads of light, weaving a filmy web of rosy glow.

SARAH A. BIXBY.

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## ANOTHER LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME.

ALL the sky rained down upon that meadow where the buttercup grew; and the goldfinch in the branches of the one elm looked down between the leaves, watching the buttercup as she shivered in the short grass. All the sky rained down, such heavy, cold spring rain; and the buttercup cowered and swayed and shook. And the goldfinch whisked a

drop of water off of his bill and drew his head in under a leaf and meditated.

Then the clouds went away over other meadows, and the buttercup stood straight and miserable; her cup of sorrow was full to overflowing — there were three raindrops in it; but she was taller and straighter than before.

And down from the one elm the goldfinch flew, and drank the three raindrops up out of the yellow cup, and spread his wings, and flew away to other meadows.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

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## "*MARIUS THE EPICUREAN.*"

IT is not my purpose to attempt an explanation of the modern æsthetic movement. I wish, rather, to call the attention of the readers of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE to Mr. Pater's great work, *Marius the Epicurean*, and to the æstheticism there expressed. Many of you are already familiar with the book; I should like more to know it, for it is itself an expression of the beautiful, and it vitalizes a subject that even those most scientific and practical should know something about. Some of my readers may not agree with me in calling it a great book. There are degrees in greatness, determined largely by taste and temperament; we cannot draw the line exactly for one another, but probably we shall agree on general conditions; for instance, that a book to be great must touch some fundamental experience or idea in human life, must handle it with insight and appreciation, and express it in adequate and beautiful form. I believe Mr. Pater's book does this. The consideration of the beautiful touches life more or less deeply for us all; the subject is here treated vividly and poetically — there is historical imagination, philosophic learning, and sympathetic appreciation in the work; and, as Mr. Pater is a recognized master of English style, it will not be necessary for me to more than call attention to the accuracy and beauty of expression.

There are criticisms to be brought against the book. In this very matter of style we can praise it more for beauty than clearness. We do find at times long and somewhat involved sentences,—a surprise to those familiar with the essays of the author. Again, the philosophy and the thread of the story are inclined to interfere, and some may cry out that a philosophical

treatise and a character-study ought to be kept separate. Others may say that, as far as character-drawing is attempted, it is a failure. Marius alone can claim to be a character; the others are shadows, or, at best, types, pictures flashed upon the pages, seen only in relation to Marius. Even Aurelius is brought in to personify a school of philosophy. And Marius himself partakes largely of the type; we feel at times that he stands apart from the actual man and expresses merely an idea. His personality illudes our grasp, and yet, as we go on, we become sure it is something real. We feel the beautiful reticence of the man, and we cannot be familiar; but, having lived through the last days with him, we are thrilled with the touch of friendship and kinship in the midst of the mystery. Marius does stand for a phase of human experience, a certain tendency in thought and life; but he is so vivid and consistent, answers so well to much in the men we know, that we claim him, not as a type, but as a typical character. Those who look for plot in the book mistake its idea. There is no attempt at the dramatic; it is lyric and philosophic, a study of "sensations and ideas." If it fails to conform to any distinct class of literature, we find in itself "its own excuse for being;" and objections creep to the background, when we come to know the book.

Æstheticism is Pagan in its essence. Its origin is a form of Pagan philosophy. It lives only for the present, and is an attempt to press into the pleasures of to-day all that life can give. The modern movement properly had its rise in Germany, and from Goethe and Schiller came over to us. It has passed through many phases. Ruskin valued beauty for what it revealed, and saw in the graceful sweep of a tree and in the sunset colors on an artist's canvas a deeper meaning. Rossetti mingled with his passion for emotional beauty the sense of mystery. Swinburne and Morris give us the beauty of sense with little or no suggestion of spiritual truth. Swinburne especially has the hot-house atmosphere suggesting decay. This æsthetic movement has affected all branches of art and bears upon the entire mode of life. In spite of its abuse it holds a truth, proved by the vitality which has caused it many a time to spring up anew.

Æstheticism was revived and elaborated in the second century very much as in our own time. Mr. Pater, in describing the epicurean of that day, has given us the modern disciple of the æsthetic school. To understand a phase of the nineteenth century you are turned back to Rome.

In the rich farm country of northern Italy, some seventeen centuries ago, stood an old farmhouse, known by the half-mystical, picturesque name, *White-nights*. Our author, arguing from an old German mystic that white things are "after-thoughts, the doubles or seconds of real things, and themselves but half real," says that white nights are "nights, not of quite blank forgetfulness, but passed in continual dreaming, only half veiled by sleep." And the house was true to its name, — one of those ideal yet natural places, which, though impoverished, was "still deservedly dear, full of venerable memories, and with a living sweetness of its own for to-day." Here the young Marius lived. He was the representative of an ancient family, an only child, brought up in near companionship with his mother, a gentle mourner, keeping ever alive, as her white hands twisted the purple wool or touched her musical instrument, the memory of the elder Marius.

The strongest influence in this home was religious — the religion of Numa "staid, ideal, comely," abounding in form and carefully preserved tradition. The spell of this religion was from early times an intimate part of Marius' life — he had even thought of entering the priesthood; it was an influence with a deep undercurrent of gloom, amounting in his case, at times, to vague terror. This approach to morbid, religious idealism was counteracted by the intense delight which the young Marius took in outdoor life, his pleasure, as Mr. Pater says, "in the country and the open air: above all the ramble to the coast on the marsh with the dwarf roses and the wild lavender, and the delightful signs, one after another, — the abandoned boat, the ruined flood-gates, the flock of wild birds, — that one has approached the sea; the long summer day of idleness among its vague scents and sounds."

The æsthetic aim was first clearly presented to Marius in the temple-home of Æsculapius, whither in boyhood he had been brought to be cured of an illness. During his first night in that pure retreat, one of the brotherhood stood by his bedside, and in loving, musical tones spoke these words: "If thou wouldst have all about thee like the colors of some fresh picture, in a clear light, be temperate in thy religious motions, in love, in wine, in all things, and of peaceful heart with thy fellows." Then the teacher passed from the doctrine of temperance to the further duties and rights of the new life: — "to keep the eye clear by a sort of exquisite personal alacrity and cleanliness, extending even to his dwelling-place; to discriminate, even

more and more fastidiously, select form and color in things from what was less select; to meditate much on beautiful visible objects; to keep ever by him if it were but a single choice flower, a graceful animal or sea-shell, as a token and representative of the whole kingdom of such things; to avoid jealously, in his way through the world, everything repugnant to the sight." This is the formula for the æsthetic life; this became the dominant rule for Marius.

The death of his mother turned Marius from his serious dreaming to face the reality of sorrow. It led also to his leaving White-nights, and going down to the old town of Pisa to study Rhetoric and Greek. The interest of Marius' school-days centres in his friendship for Flavian, that brilliant figure, the incarnation of physical beauty and exuberance of life. The friends studied, wrote, enjoyed together, and in Flavian Marius became alive to the golden excitement of real life.

Suddenly on this brightness fell the blight of Pagan death. Flavian was stricken with the plague. His intense life made a fierce struggle; he dictated a poem to Marius until delirium brought him to the threshold of death. After a sultry night of thunder-storm, in the gray dawn of a hot day, the end came.

This death brought Marius the assurance of the soul's extinction. "Flavian had gone out as utterly as the fire among those still beloved ashes." Nevertheless Marius felt a curiosity to know what philosophers have to say about that "strange, fluttering creature," the soul. He began his study with the school of Hereclitus, which corresponds largely to modern Agnosticism. It is a negative doctrine that the objects of ordinary experience, although seemingly fixed, are in perpetual change, and therefore any true conception of them is impossible. Following on from this is the school with Cyrene at the head, Epicurcanism. If all things are ever swiftly changing and we can know only impressions, this philosophy says, let us make the present moment full to overflowing. The fleetingness of life becomes a "stimulus towards every kind of activity, and prompts a perpetual inextinguishable thirst after experience." We must remember that this philosophy does not aim at pleasure, as we often carelessly think, but, to quote our author again, it aims to attain "a general completeness of life." It seeks an "insight through culture into all that the present moment holds in trust for us, as we

stand briefly in its presence." This philosophy Marius made his own, and joined with it the rule of life he had learned in the temple of Æsculapius.

Our hero's next step is toward Rome. His life henceforth lies in that greatest of cities at the height of its Pagan glory, where art, philosophy, and beautiful luxury touch the zenith.

In Rome Marius met Marcus Aurelius, and, through him and his teacher, Fronto, learned the doctrines and the practice of Stoicism. This philosophy had cast aside the grim garments it had sometimes worn and appeared cloaked almost as Epicureanism. The burden of its teaching was exhortation to noble deeds and high thoughts; it placed its stress on morality. The reason for this lay in the æsthetic principle; by giving duty and righteousness the highest place in the house of thought, life is made more lovely and something is attained in the swift flight of time.

The truth of this argument appealed to Marius, and he felt that to be true to his theory of fullness of life he must enlarge his tenets. He caught a glimpse of the mystery, when he that loseth his life shall save it. But he could not become a Stoic. The coldness and blindness of that philosophy placed an ice-bar between him and its courts. The emperor might sit before the sickening scenes of the arena, secure in the heights of his thought; but such indifference was impossible for Marius, who keenly felt the appeal of warm, quivering humanity.

Apart from Stoicism, a second great influence met Marius in Rome; this was Christianity. On his way to the city Marius had met a member of the emperor's guard, Cornelius by name. With this whole-soul, calmly happy Roman soldier he formed the second friendship of his life. There was a quietness, a hopefulness, and a reserve force in his friend that puzzled Marius. Cornelius passed through the hot, brilliant life of Rome and kept the air of the May morning.

The mystery about this man was partly solved for Marius in the experience of a memorable day. It was at a time when he had grown weary of Rome, philosophy, almost of life; the old feeling, a longing to escape, which he had known from boyhood, had come over him afresh. The friends were returning from the country one clear morning, when Cornelius halted at a villa and invited Marius to enter. There, amidst the old architecture and mosaics, the flowers and the olive-trees, sounded the happy voices of children

in Christian hymns. The perfect peacefulness and sanctity of that home and the simple faith expressed by the worship in the Catacombs roused again in Marius that deep religious feeling, his strongest emotion when a boy. His philosophy might teach him that all things were fleeting and alike in value, but now he felt anew the instinct for something holier to abide forever.

Marius went often to this home of Cecilia and in that perfect woman found new depths of truth and beauty. She and her surroundings were poetry to him, — a poetry having its essence in a religion that lovingly regards all life and seeks in all the one supreme Love.

In the midst of these experiences Marius suddenly left Rome, obeying a desire to see once more the home of his fathers. For eight days he lived in mournful solitude at White-nights, feeling, as it were, dead hands stretched out to him from the old days. Then Cornelius joined him, and the hopefulness of his friend again touched Marius. Their hope might soon become one.

They journeyed much about the country, and one night chanced to lodge in a little town, consecrated by the blood of the young martyr, Hyacinthus. The friends walked out early in the morning; the air was still and heavy; an unnatural hush oppressed the earth. Suddenly came the earthquake shock. The populace, already stirred up against the Christians through the visitation of the plague, believed them the cause of this fresh disaster, and in a paroxysm of terror and passion rushed upon a little assembly at morning worship; the blood of new martyrs stained the soil. Among the prisoners taken were Cornelius and Marius. Because of their rank they were sent to Rome for trial.

It became rumored that one of the prisoners was not a Christian, and Marius knew the value of a bribe. He had met his supreme opportunity. "We wait for the great crisis which is to try what is in us; we can hardly bear the pressure of our hearts, as we think of it; the lonely wrestler, or the victim, which imagination foreshadows to us, can hardly be one's self; it seems an outrage of our destiny that we should be led along so gently and imperceptibly, to so terrible a leaping-place in the dark, for more, perhaps, than life or death. At last, the great act, the critical moment, comes, easily, almost unconsciously. Another motion of the clock, and our fatal line — the 'great climacteric point' — has been passed, which changes ourselves or

our lives." A few quick moves and Marius had freed his friend. Cornelius, unconscious of any sacrifice, went on happily to Rome to prepare defence for his less fortunate comrade; Marius remained a prisoner, charged with crime. The exposure of the long marches soon broke the latter's health, and he was left behind in a rude Christian village to die.

"He awoke to consciousness after a severe attack of fever, lying alone on a rude bed, in a kind of hut. It seemed a remote, mysterious place, as he looked about in the silence; but so fresh (lying, in fact, in a high pasture-land among the mountains) that he felt he should recover, if only he might just lie still long enough. Even during those nights of delirium he had felt the scent of the new-mown hay pleasantly, with a dim sense for a moment that he was lying safe in his old home. The sunlight lay clear beyond the open door; the sounds of the cattle reached him softly from the green places around."

In spite of his suffering body his mind was vividly active. He lived over his life again; and when he came down to this last experience, and thought how it must end, unaided as he was, "and that the moment of taking final account was drawing near, a consciousness of waste would come, with half-angry tears of self-pity, in his great weakness, — a blind, outraged, angry feeling of wasted power, such as he would have himself experienced standing by the deathbed of another, in condition similar to his own." And then, amidst the "strange loneliness like physical darkness" that crept over him, he became conscious of an "amplier vision" toward which his education had been tending; he felt something of the rhythm of the universe and of the personal hope that holds us in it in our places.

As physical exhaustion increased, deep thought overburdened him, and he found comfort in calling up the faces he had loved in life, and "in the bare sense of having loved he seemed to find, even amid this foundering of the ship, that on which his soul might assuredly rest and depend." At length he woke one morning from sleep to find the peasant people kneeling about him. He saw the sun beyond the doorway lie "heavy and full;" he had always thought death would be less terrible in the sunshine. The sacred wafer was placed on his lips; he was helplessly weak. In the gray evening of that day the simple folk bore him away in secret and buried him with Christian prayers, believing that he too would be held a martyr by the Lord.

I have tried to outline Marius' life and character, and have quoted largely Mr. Pater's words as best expressing his own idea. The delicate shades of thought and feeling and many of the significant experiences have been

beyond my power to introduce; but the beauty and purpose of the author's attempt, I trust, have been suggested for fuller study.

We turn from the written page to our own souls, and recognize that regard for the æsthetic is not a mere fashion of the day. Whatever the beautiful is, and however differently our connection with it is conceived, the fact of its influence upon human life remains. We acknowledge its power, whether the conceptions we hold of it come through the senses alone, or whether we go further and believe that the beautiful, broadly interpreted, is due to our instinctive recognition of the fitness of things, the harmony of the universe, our part in the thought of God. What we must guard against is the error that transforms the love of beauty into æstheticism, placing the delight of the senses above the dictates of conscience. However attractive this mode of life and its philosophy appear, the point of view is wrong, as is proved by the effect on character. Marius's life was weak in just the points where æstheticism fails. He lacked conviction, action; his existence was passive and self-centred. Instead of attaining the heaven which was the birthright of his nature, he wearied his spirit in attempts to satisfy his aspirations with a passing loveliness.

There are two tendencies in æstheticism, and one of the two courses must be followed: on the one side is the path tending towards mere animal pleasure, the sensuous which becomes sensual, the craving for experience which at length delights in disease and decay; on the other, that which leads to the world of spirit, rising far beyond æstheticism itself towards the life alone satisfied in the union of all goodness, truth, and beauty — in God. Marius followed this higher way, and reached the uttermost limit of his purely æsthetic ideal; he had at length touched the life-thought of the Christ.

KATE MORGAN WARD.

AT an early meeting in January, the faculty of the college appointed a committee to prepare a letter to Professor Horsford's family, expressive of their grief at the loss of their great-hearted friend, and stating what they deeply felt in reference to his unique relation to their work.

The following letter, drafted by Professor Bates, was unanimously adopted as a just expression of their feeling, which is shared by Wellesley's students and friends. It is published by permission.

To Mrs. Horsford and Family.

Dear Friends: —

It is in the sympathy of a great grief and a great love that we venture to come to you in these early days of your bereavement with an attempt to express, what we know well can never be adequately expressed,— the graciousness of that brotherly relation maintained by Professor Horsford toward us, the Faculty of Wellesley College.

We feel that we can bring to you, for whose sorrow our hearts are moved to deepest tenderness, no truer comfort, under Heaven, than this assurance of the beauty we have seen, and the wisdom we have known, and the goodness we have experienced, in him whose Happy New Year is immortality. That tent of earthly being, which the ever-gallant spirit struck so suddenly, in a night and a day, as if eager for the new, divine adventure, has sheltered so many human interests, so many individual fortunes, that we would not assume too large a place for Wellesley in the generous heart; and yet so freely has Professor Horsford given to us of his wealth, his care, and his benignant presence, that, while we realize his life belonged to many, and most of all to his beloved home, we may be forgiven for feeling that it also belonged to us, and that our loss and mourning are second to none save yours.

It is not chiefly his beneficence toward the institution which we serve that this letter would commemorate, although we love our college so well that her prosperity is our own, and we bear a sense of personal gratitude toward those who extend her resources and enlarge her opportunity. Wellesley has known no friend, with the shining exception of her first two friends and founders, so liberal as Professor Horsford, whose name will be forever honored in her gates. He has richly endowed her library, he has provided a fund for scientific apparatus, he has established for thirteen professorial chairs and for the presidency the grant of the Sabbatical year, with a system of pensions for retired officers.

These greater gifts are widely known; but few know and perhaps none could perfectly enumerate the many, many lesser gifts to which so much of the wholesomeness and joyfulness of Wellesley life is due. Electric lights in library and reading-room, fresh air in dining-hall and chapel, comforts and delicacies for the hospital, countless repairs and improvements throughout the college buildings, testify to his unwearied watchfulness and care. Norumbega Cottage celebrates in name the champion of the Vikings, her frequent and most welcome guest, whose ready hand contributed largely toward her erection, and whose chivalrous heart took delight in the luxurious furnishing of the presidential suite of rooms. The library of North American languages, a collection so unique as to be of inestimable value, and destined, as its founder earnestly hoped, to serve, when time shall be ripe, as basis for fresh researches into the origin of speech, stands as a memorial of the enthusiastic philologist, eager to promote this branch of learning in Wellesley, and warmly interested in seeing the manuscript treasures of the collection already taking shape for the press. Statues and pictures speak of the beauty-lover; gymnasium, as well as laboratories, rests under obligation to the man of science, and, indeed, it would be difficult to find any nook of Wellesley life or work into which his manifold sympathy has not entered with results of most efficient aid.

As president of the board of visitors, as chairman of the library council, Professor Horsford served the college ably in official capacities, and as honorary member of the class of '86 he became allied to the student-life of Wellesley in a way singularly close and beautiful. Throughout the undergraduate and graduate years, even in this recent Christmastide, he was still devising new and delicate surprises for his class. Some of his most valuable gifts to Wellesley were presented in the name of '86. And outside the favored Order of Marguerite, many were the students who knew the bounty not only of his purse, but of his golden sympathy and friendship.

Assuredly all this is ample reason why the faculty of Wellesley College should lament the loss of Wellesley's benefactor, but deeper than all this is our sense of personal bereavement. It is our friend whom we miss as we walk these halls so often brightened by his genial smile, so often echoing to his cordial greeting,—a friend who showed himself so friendly, the well-spring of a thousand courtesies and kindnesses, the source of an unfailing encouragement and inspiration to us all. He cared greatly for our work, studying it, fostering it, providing for it space and opportunity; but he cared yet more for the life upon which the work must rest.

In establishing that wisest and most significant of his endowments, the grant of the Sabbatical year, he strove to secure for those whom this great privilege embraces the double blessing of mental enrichment and refreshment. Laying down the condition that the year be spent abroad, he would prompt us to the highest uses of our freedom. In his further condition, that the privileges of the grant be allowed only to women, he gave evidence of his faith in woman's intellectual sincerity and ability. We felt with profound gratitude that Professor Horsford recognized, as few recognize, our serious purpose as scholars,— that he understood, as few understand, how surely our lasting efficacy as teachers must depend upon the breadth and depth of our own culture. If the truest friend is he who feels the deepest need, quickens the highest aspiration, who points to the noblest goal, and cuts away the barriers that intervene, such a friend has the Wellesley faculty possessed in Professor Horsford. We know it now; but we shall know it better as the years go by,— the years in which, while we shall miss at every hand his word of counsel and of cheer, we shall be reaping more and more abundantly the harvest that he has sown for us,— harvest of intellectual opportunity which we would transform for Wellesley into the bread of intellectual life.

And yet this is not all. With his great tenderness of nature our friend realized that we were often weary, often conscious of the burden and heat of the day. We were living among our students, among our books, under the constant wear of academic routine. We needed, as other women need, rest and beauty and the sense of home. All these he gave us in the great surprise which he was so happy in planning and making ready, nothing concerning it being too magnificent for his liberality, nothing that related to our comfort or convenience too minute for his personal consideration. With characteristic munificence, and yet more characteristic comprehension of the want, he bestowed upon us the suite of rooms culminating in the exquisite Moorish parlor, where the benediction of his presence will linger long.

But even more than all this, he was our friend. He gave himself to us. He let us know the independent mind, the great and gentle heart, the onward-faring spirit. More than for all his gifts, we are thankful for his friendship,— for the vision that we had in him of gracious Christian life.

We would, then, beg that you, who knew him best and loved him most, will accept the deep and reverent sympathy of us who knew him well and loved him much. We pray that divine consolations may sustain you in this present distress.

and desolation, and that your hearts so heavily bereaved may look beyond this separation, which endures but for a moment, to the sacred hope of heavenly reunion.

Signed in behalf of the Academic Council by

HELEN A. SHAFER, President,
JULIA J. IRVINE, Secretary,
SARAH F. WHITING,
KATHARINE LEE BATES,
HELEN A. WEBSTER.

Signed in behalf of the Faculty by

MAUDE GILCHRIST, Secretary,
EMILY JONES BARKER,
ELLEN F. PENDLETON.

## Editorial.

TO all readers of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, whether subscribers or those who show their abundance of college spirit by borrowing their neighbor's copy for perusal—to all I would make an appeal with all possible urgency.

It has already been suggested in the MAGAZINE that patronage of our advertisers should be a matter of honor with every Wellesley student. But, ignoring, for the present, the higher question of honor, let us consider the lower but very practical one,—of the bearing of this matter on the success of our future publications. Simply stated it is this: Lack of recognition of present advertisers means that their names will not appear in future publications. The people who use our advertising columns are business men who will continue their patronage only as long as it pays. If they have spent money for that which has brought no return, we have no right to expect them to do it again. It has been discovered, during the past year, that as a college we do not inspire among Boston advertisers the confidence which we ought. A reform among us should be a matter of personal solicitude to every student who belongs to any class or organization which will sometime have the responsibility of any of our publications.

To show definitely what I mean as to the present state of affairs, I would like to ask how many girls who have purchased, during the college year, umbrellas, skates, art materials, gloves, veiling, stationery, jewelry, books, drugs, millinery, desks, tables, or chairs, have noticed in our pages the establishments where these articles could be obtained, in many cases, at a special reduction.

My request is, therefore, that we give, as far as is practicable, our exclusive patronage to our advertisers. By this I mean that we give them at least a chance to show us what they have to offer. If they have not at a reasonable price what we want, we are under no obligation to purchase of them. If we would but give them this chance, the whole problem would be solved; for the concerns represented are in every case standard and reliable, so that a beginning of patronage would mean a continuation of it.

So, then, as a summary of the practical suggestions on a very practical subject, may I request,—

First: That every one intending to make a purchase of any kind whatever consult the business directory of the magazine for information as to where it may be obtained.

Second: That she go to the places mentioned, state that she is from Wellesley, so that it may be appreciated that the advertisement has been at least read; and, finally, that, if practicable, she there make her purchase.

MARION N. WILCOX.

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*SIDNEY LANIER.*

(On reading the story of his life.)

When thou thy days to art didst consecrate,
And turned from all the world could offer thee,
To dwell in tents with pain and poverty,
That so thy life with lofty song might mate—
When thus thy soul did find its high estate,
From worldly fetters by thy will set free;
And thou didst tell the thoughts God whispered thee
To men who for thy message would not wait;
Didst see in vision sweet of future days,
What gave thee strength to struggle on, despite
That goal of death and dreary lack of praise,
And strike Life's chords in harmony aright?—
Didst see fame won and, dearer sight by far,
Men striving right, with thee for guiding star?

VIRGINIA YEAMAN REMNITZ.

## The Free Press.

### I.

*ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.*

It is with interest that some of us, who can take a retrospect of a few years since graduation, notice what attitude those who are about completing their college course take towards the various callings in life. Undoubtedly, no question in all the four years presents so difficult a solution as the one which confronts the woman on the day which bids her go forth and take her place in the work of the world. "How may I render a most fitting return to my parents for the sacrifices they have made for me? How may I use my attainments most wisely? How honor most my Alma Mater?"

We have been prompted to a more honest consideration of this first question after reading in the December number of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE the reply to the article in the *Congregationalist* upon the growing tendency among college women to seek their fortunes elsewhere than in the home. We do not write in a controversial spirit, nor do we deny the force and truthfulness of many statements of the writer. Doubtless, to many of us, similar thoughts have come with less courage to utter them. But may we enter a plea for the home?

No girl who left a home to enter college can deny that her absence of four years cost her parents many a sacrifice. In many cases a sacrifice of money, in many cases a sacrifice of love, in more cases a sacrifice of both. These four years are among the most attractive years of their daughter's life, not for the vision of "bright eyes and pink cheeks," which she may offer each day, but years of business cares and unremitting household duties are leaving their traces upon the devoted parents who have for years been using careful thought and management to surround their children with comforts and advantages, and the buoyancy, cheerfulness, and keen interest in current matters, which are common to youth, are a healthful relaxation to over-wrought nerves of both father and mother. A sense of companionship, too, is daily more evident with the daughter; for she has left behind her childhood, and is fast gaining maturity of thought and feeling.

But we do not want to be misunderstood. We would use all reasonable influence in persuading parents to spare a daughter for these four years. But should not our relations with our home after that time receive our most careful consideration? If the home is in need of our financial aid, the problem is simplified. We must seek to do our share, even though it be for personal support alone, wherever the best opening can be found. But if it is a matter of personal

independence, then we would urge that every means of gaining that independence be exhausted before widening further our relations with the home. It is indeed painful to find how four years can wean us away from the home interests. We feel our aspirations not understood, and we, in turn, are not in touch with what most concerns our family. Many adjustments have to be made, and it does not harm that our preconceived ideas of the duty to ourselves must be changed. But it is surprising with how much encouragement our ideals do meet when once we try to get into harmony and sympathy with our environment.

No ties on earth are so sacred as those of our home; no pain so keen or lasting as when the separations arise; no remorse so unrelenting as failure in doing our utmost for the parents who are the centre of our home. The fast-gathering gray hairs, the failing eyes, the weakening nerves, all are painful to observe; and it is to be devoutly hoped that our college training is not unfitting us to consider the changes which the years quickly bring in these days of strong competition and high pressure of life.

It is no easy decision to make, to return to what seem the uneventful routine days of home life rather than enter upon more conspicuous duties. But every daughter at home can testify to no lack of opportunity to use her every attainment and accomplishment, and often, not without its financial return if desired. Not to revolutionize but to sympathize with the life of her family and community will be her most helpful work, and through this medium most inviting fields will open.

How can we reflect more honor on our Alma Mater than in proving a source of strength in the home?

A Daughter, '89.

II.

*THINGS NOT MENTIONED IN THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM.*

The graduate looks back to college life not merely "with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret,"—to quote the Valedictorian,—but with critical survey of opportunities used, misused, or neglected. The longing to live the years over again is less strong than the longing to help others use like opportunities.

In the life of the world most women need not so much intellect as *culture*—that American-Athenian term, which let us analyze to please ourselves. Does not the culture of our ideal woman include wide information, quick insight, true reasoning, taste in all matters, graceful manners, and a body well cared for and well clothed, and, most of all, a great loving, self-forgetful heart? There are in college life many helps to this culture waiting to be used.

The power to develop culture depends, not chiefly but primarily upon the

body; and in the first place must the body be made an object of care. Such waste and such misuse of the higher faculties result from lack of vigorous health that to spend the time necessary for purifying blood and strengthening muscles is genuine economy for mind and morals. General health must depend not nearly so much upon a physician as upon one's own management.

A knowledge of anatomy and physiology, supplemented by a thorough acquaintance with the peculiar needs of one's particular body, forms a foundation for such a use of the body as may make it an efficient servant, no longer causing pain and hindrance. A year out of college, a study dropped, are not dear prices to pay for health. Surely one ought not to grudge care in clothing, exercise, and food, denial of injurious indulgence. Nor can the daily walk fail to give far more than mere bodily vigor. To Wellesley graduates, some of the most beautiful memories of life are of Wellesley woods and fields. The mind's gallery is filled with bits of lovely landscape worth more to us than all the paintings of Europe, because they are ours, and because we, in some degree, share their creation.

You Wellesley students will be glad in future years for the moments of attention you have given to the pictures and statues hourly passed. You will wish to have a clear remembrance of all famous men and women whom you saw and heard at college. You will wish that you had kept of such a written record, however brief.

Yet one goes to college chiefly in order to do the studying prescribed, and no other opportunities used can compensate for neglect in this line. The work cannot be too earnest. This you realize, and this the college constantly urges.

Will time be left for anything else? "The secret of success is concentration." To learn the best use of one's individual body is not more difficult nor more important than to learn the use of one's own mind. That mode of study which gleans most from the work is the same mode which leaves most time for leisure. The many lines of work offered tempt one to plan a year whose every moment has a duty waiting for it. But in after life one is not ashamed of not knowing; but of not knowing, with a grasp of the mind, both form and soul of the subjects one pretends to know.

But you will realize, if you have not already done so, that not beauty of nature, nor grandeur of knowledge, but *people*, make to you and always have made, the chief part of life. Times without number there will flash across your mind words and acts of college associates. You will begin to realize their influence over you. You will regret that you did not form more and firmer friendships with those to

whom you were drawn. There will be memories of love, prompted words and trivial kind deeds in your behalf, which will wear a halo for you through eternity; and you will wonder if such thoughts of you can be enshrined in any heart that knew you.

LILIAN MINER, '88.

III.

The recent articles in the Free Press on college friendships have attracted our attention, not only because of the subject of which they treat, but because they suggested once more to our mind an evil which is prevalent in all colleges, — an evil which, we are glad to think, is not so great here in the Wellesley world as it is in many another, but which is yet serious enough to demand our attention for a few moments.

Whether the Wellesley girl believes in making the best and most of those friends whom circumstances throw in her way, or whether she believes in posing in the first floor centre, and, adorned with a large placard which reads, "Wanted, a friend, none but those having good recommendations need apply," awaiting the coming of her "eternal affinity," still, we must believe that her ideal friendship is high. Her friend is an inspiration, a help, and a blessing to her. Her dreams of true comradeship, of greatest congeniality, are realized in the friends in whom she finds and to whom she gives assistance and sympathy, and with whom she passes many of those hours which will stand out brightly in her little book of college remembrances.

Because the Wellesley girl has this high ideal of a friendship, and because she so often realizes it, is it not a disgrace to our students, to our college, that the sickly sentimentality of a boarding-school should be carried out in the use of the word, and in the fact that there are in college, "crushes"? A girl who makes a practice of encouraging such a weakness in a susceptible girl, who is proud of the fact that her crushes cannot be counted on her fingers, and who glories in leading an impressionable girl on, until Miss Impressionable tires her, when she unceremoniously casts Miss Impressionable aside to make room for the next victim, is not a girl who is an honor to Wellesley College. Though she be a girl of talent or even, as sometimes happens, of genius, still Wellesley does not need her, and she may expect from her Alma Mater little but contempt. Weak and superficial in her emotions, and frivolous, probably, in her ideas, she is weak morally; and the girls who fall under her influence, though little can be said in favor of them then, are, nevertheless, entitled to some pity.

Cannot these things be changed? Is foolish sentimentalism a necessary adjunct

of a college woman? Can we not seek higher education and the friendship of others without falling a prey to a college "*crush*"? If these unwholesome attachments were constantly frowned upon, if the girls who encourage them could know the estimation in which they are held, and if those who have unfortunately contracted the disease were at once quarantined and all proper precautions taken to prevent the spread of the malady (and it could be done, for our college physicians are most skilful in the quarantine line),— if all these matters were so arranged, could "crushes" not be exterminated, or at least shipped to some preparatory school where the students could take them as they take whooping-cough and so be proof against them when they enter college?

There is, also, in connection with this, a lesser evil which springs from a fun-loving, joking disposition. Now we are glad to say that we believe we can take a joke. Still, there is a limit even to jokes; and when the objectionable word "crush" is applied indiscriminately to college friendships, we feel that the limit has been reached. Such a mistake might sometimes be forgiven, but when upper-class girls consider it "fun" to refer to friends as being mutually crushed, there is a good deal to forgive. There are, we firmly believe, as true, as noble, as disinterested and lasting friendships formed in college as in any place in the world. Why, then, degrade them? Why make friends uncomfortable and disgusted by referring to them in this childish way? If it is a joke it is a very poor one.

Let us not only drop the word, but let us discourage the idea. Then will we have eliminated even the shadows of sentimentality from our affections, and our friends will be, more than ever, those in whom our trust is unbounded, to whom we give the best of ourselves; those who make us better and nobler every day and who are to us, in truth, "gifts from God."

IV.

More than one Wellesley girl was filled with pride during the recent examinations because of the evident confidence placed in the students, and the spirit by which that confidence was met. Alas, that pride must so soon have a fall! The writer occupied one of the back seats in a moderately large class but a short time ago, and was shocked to see four different girls refer to the text-book during the recitation. In one case this was done repeatedly. There was evidently little, it any, care taken to keep this mode of procedure from the knowledge of the members of the class. What is the explanation? Wellesley girls may sometimes fail in attaining their own ideal of that perfect honor which they admire; but it must certainly be true that, as a class, they despise a departure from every instinct of

honor, which would be condemned in a child. It scarcely seems possible that the feeling of the majority is so little known, that any girl should be willing to be seen taking such a course; and yet not the possibility alone, but the fact, is beyond question. Have we failed to make our position clear? Let us see that the future records no such failure.

M. A. S., '93.

## Book Reviews.

### I.

The Children of the Poor.—Among the valuable books which eighteen hundred ninety-two has brought to the world, and more especially to the lovers of social questions, not the least valuable is "The Children of the Poor," by Jacob Riis. Mr. Riis's name has been familiar to all since the publication of "How the Other Half Lives," which brought many a revelation to members of "*The* Half."

In this new book, Mr. Riis is dealing, as he was in his earlier work, with those subjects with which he is thoroughly conversant. "The Children of the Poor" is written along the same line as was "How the Other Half Lives," but deals with the younger members of the Other Half,— the "little fractional superfluities," as Dr. Holmes might call them. The opening sentence in the book shows its object and importance: "The problem of the children is the problem of the State." Mr. Riis draws many an attractive picture of the little street Arab, whose generosity is often equaled only by his pugnacity, and whose "badness is as spontaneous as his goodness." He dwells at some length upon the factory and compulsory education laws, and is especially severe in denouncing those manufacturers who willfully employ children under fourteen. "Poverty and child-labor," says Mr. Riis, "are yoke-fellows everywhere." And again: "Factory law has had little effect in prohibiting child-labor in the manufactories of New York City, although it may have had some in stimulating attendance at night-schools."

"The immediate duty," says our author, "which the community has to perform for its own protection is to school the children, first of all, into good Americans, and next, into useful citizens." He shows the good which is being accomplished in these schools; how the cleanliness which is there taught the child has not only its immediate effects, but often helps to revolutionize the home. This is particularly true among the Italians. Many of the children are very fond of going to school. One little boy's mother had to whip him to keep him from

starting at six o'clock in the morning to the kindergarten. "The kindergarten," according to Mr. Riis, "is the city's best truant officer."

Among other agencies working effectively for the good of the children are the Fresh Air Fund and the "Boys' Clubs," which latter Mr. Riis considers very potent factors. "It is by boys' clubs that the streets are hardest hit." Three of these have been started, he tells us, by the "Ladies of the College Settlement." The Pleasure Club, a local institution which had the enviable reputation of being the "toughest club" in the neighborhood, sent a delegation to the College Settlement to say that they would like to reorganize and form a club such as the ladies were starting.

One of the most pitiful chapters is that upon the children with no homes, and the following little story is told: A little newsboy fell in a fit by the Brooklyn bridge. He was carried into a waiting-room, but before the ambulance arrived he had regained consciousness and was off.

"Who was he?" was asked of the woman at the news-stand.

"Little Maher it was," was the answer.

"Who takes care of him?"

"Oh, no one but God, and he is too busy with other people to give him much attention."

You may close the book and lay it aside, but the childish figures will be ever before your eyes. Mr. Riis has given us, in his strong and forcible simplicity, the old, old call from Macedonia. There are many people now giving their lives to the children, but still the schools will not accommodate all, and then there is always room in the street, and, eventually, in the Potter's Field, or jail.

Still, it is a more hopeful picture than that presented by "How the Other Half Lives," for our heroes and heroines are children, and we feel that there may be a hope and a bright future for each one, if his chance come not too late.

HELEN MARIE BENNETT.

II.

JANE FIELD.— Miss Mary E. Wilkins has written her first novel, and its appearance from month to month in "Harper's Magazine" for eighteen hundred ninety-two has been watched with much interest. The author had proven herself capable of writing short stories which showed wonderful skill in character-drawing, in word-painting, and in the art of simplicity. It was but natural, therefore, that people should watch eagerly to see if she would meet with as much success in her novel as she had in her previous literary ventures.

"Jane Field" has been well received, but still it must be admitted that it is

inferior to Miss Wilkins's short stories. Handled as Miss Wilkins handles it, there is hardly enough material for a novel; and it becomes a "short story elongated." The main incident, the amount of it and its character, is not that of the novel; and the minor incidents, such as Flora Maxwell's clandestine marriage, and Lois's love affairs, do not bear upon the thread of the story as they should. They seem a little clumsy. As always, we find Miss Wilkins at her best in character-drawing, and some of the characters in "Jane Field" will add to Miss Wilkins's reputation. The character of Jane Field herself is a most interesting study. Hers is a nature which hides all its feelings and emotions behind a hard exterior. She is sacrificing everything, her own conscience, for the great love she bears her daughter; and yet only once do we find an outward expression of that love. But her puritan sense of justice and right finally rebels against her actions; her mind gives way; and the rest of her life she repeats, "I ain't Esther Maxwell."

Of the minor characters, Mrs. Henry Maxwell, Mrs. Babcock, and Amanda Pratt, one of Miss Wilkins's orthodox maiden ladies in whom she so delights, are the best drawn. Lois is not only the most uninteresting, but the most poorly drawn, of the characters. The book is well sustained, possesses a good deal of dramatic power, and, though inferior to her short stories, will doubtless make Miss Wilkins's name still more widely known.

HELEN MARIE BENNETT.

Bedford's Magazine will shortly add to its pages, under the editorship of Mr. John Hunt Morgan, of Lexington, Ky., a department devoted to light poetry, illustrated humor, anecdotes, humorous paragraphs, etc., etc. The magazine solicits contributions to its new department, and requests that all work be submitted direct to John Hunt Morgan, Lexington, Ky.

Accepted paragraphs, poems, anecdotes, etc., will be paid for at magazine rates.

It may not be amiss to notice in this column an article by Miss Mary Whiton Calkins in the November number of the "American Journal of Psychology" describing the work in experimental psychology at Wellesley College. The article contains much matter of general interest, especially in the latter part which gives some account of the results of last year's investigations in regard to "colored hearing" and number forms.

## Exchanges.

"The Kalends" for January contains an animated discussion as to the relative advantages and disadvantages of examinations, in which the arguments *con* seem to preponderate.

The February number devotes itself chiefly to rejoicing over the recent introduction of the cap and gown into the college.

"The Inlander" is one of the few college magazines that is conducted on the principle that variety is the spice as well of literature as of life. The balance is well preserved between long, weighty articles and light sketches.

The "Brown Magazine" commences the new year with an interesting number; its etchings especially are better than the majority of pen pictures which now fill college publications.

The "Nassua Lit." comes to us full of good things as usual, and is, perhaps, the best of the January magazines. It contains a thoughtful and comprehensive criticism of Sidney Lanier's "Theory of the English Novel," several bright stories, and a strong sketch by Paul Burrill Jenkins.

"The Harvard Monthly" is fortunate in having for its leading article an essay by Edward Everett Hale, "The Value of the Discovery made by Columbus."

In the "University Magazine" we find an eloquent address on "Manliness," by President Hastings of the N.Y. Union Theological Seminary. Among the magazine's other noticeable features are sketches of Oxford, Columbia, and the College of the City of New York, a careful study of Buddhism, and a well-written prose poem, "The Passing of Baeda."

Short stories abound in the "Yale Courant" for January, and are a welcome relief after the technical essays which college magazines are so fond of printing.

We quote from the Brown "Daily Herald": "The Class of '95 at Smith has voted to petition the faculty for permission to publish a college paper. No paper has been sanctioned by the faculty thus far in the history of the college." We wish all success to Smith in her undertaking, and congratulate '95 upon the attempt.

In all the magazines the verse is greater in quantity and better in quality than it has been for some months preceding. We clip the following: —

AT MIDNIGHT.

I stood in the vast cathedral,
  Which the night-shade pillars round,
With the stars and sky for ceiling,
  And its pavement the marble ground,

And over my trembling senses,
  A mighty music crept,
From the keys of the great world-organ,
  Which the year in passing swept —

The clash of faction and party,
  In cadences loud and shrill;
And poverty's low, deep murmur —
  The voice that will not be still;

The blending of balm and beauty;
  The wailing of woe and pain;
The harmony mixed with disorder;
  Life's beautiful, wild refrain.

So, with my spirit listening
  To the old year's requiem roll,
And hearing its crashing echoes
  Go thundering through my soul,

I stood in the world's cathedral,
  As the year was passing out,
And the swell of the mournful music,
  Filled me with fear and doubt.

But the stars of the vaulted ceiling,
  And the marble earth below,
Strode on in their circling orbits,
  Unanswered by its restless flow.

And the young year coming gently
  Bade the rushing tumult cease,
And over the heart of the music
  There stole the calm of peace.

— Nassua Lit.

## Friendship.

It was a harp of olden time,
  None knew the secret of its strings;
A world of melody divine
  Men pass'd, intent on other things,—
Until there came a harper gray,
  Whose soul was wrapt in mystery,
And 'neath whose sympathetic sway
  All discord chang'd to harmony.

What power, my friend, is this, divine,
  Which we but feel, that gently came
And link'd thy dissonant heart with mine,
  In one inspiring, heavenly strain?
Who is that harper calmly stealing
  Across our lives, harsh though they be,
And with a magic art revealing
  New worlds and thoughts for you and me?

— Yale Lit.

## College Notes.

Miss Knox and Miss Sherwood received the members of the Shakespeare Society in the Art Building on the evening of January 21. The hours from seven to nine were delightfully spent by the guests in conversation, music, and dancing.

On the same evening Misses Bixby, Tobey, Brownell, and Vivian, of Norumbega cottage, entertained a number of their friends at a cobweb party. The entertainment of the evening included also a miniature yacht race.

On the afternoon of January 24, Miss Coman addressed the members of the College Settlement Association and others interested upon the subject of the Boston Settlement. She explained the significence of the name, "Dennison House," and spoke of those methods of work in which the Boston Settlement differs from others. The work is now well begun, and promises to be successfully carried on by the enthusiastic residents.

A memorial service for Prof. Eben Norton Horsford was held in the Chapel on the evening of January 26. Music was rendered by the Beethoven Society. Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., made the address. He said in substance: —

The three hundred men from Iceland, Norway, and Sweden, by their songs of lament in their mother-tongues, fittingly manifested their love and reverence for the one who had brought their countries to our shore, — the one upon whom the King of Denmark, at his own free will, bestowed the Order of the Banner of Denmark, now returned to the hands that gave it.

That laborous student, that faithful discoverer and teacher, was born in New York State, but of New England parentage. His father was a missionary among the Indians,— wild men in a wilderness. It was there he learned to speak with the Indians, mastering even the details of their articulation.

His was a home of books, almost a public library, a college, where books were not common. Beside his sympathy with Indians, with religion, with books, there came a sympathy with nature. He was a geologist as a child; a civil engineer as a boy.

For four years he taught in Albany. He loved the young; he loved to teach. He then studied in Europe, with Liebig, the chemist, and on his return occupied for sixteen years the Rumford Professorship of Applied Sciences at Harvard. That was a very diligent life. He took out more than thirty patents from the government, rights to which had to be frequently fiercely contested. His was the advice sought in regard to the Boston Water Works; it was he who supplied rations for the army needing bread.

At last the brain grew weary; he gave up the arduous work, and turned aside to the leisure so nobly earned. Out of a close friendship with a Norwegian, Ole Bull, there grew a great love for Norway. He visited there, caught up the old Sagas and Icelandic songs, traced out their history upon the map, river by river, and peak by peak, until at last, as he believed and made so many believe, he discovered the site of the ancient city itself. He wrote out the story of his discovery, and awakened the sympathy of all Northmen.

Professional skill had brought him in contact with a professional man. On business they came out together, one summer's day, to the hills surrounding Waban Lake. The brilliant lawyer, the quiet Harvard professor, of about the same age, talked as they rested on the hill by Stone Hall,—talked of life's struggles, of the survival of the fittest, of the Infinite pity. Out of that talk came a friendship, which to them was but another name for helpfulness. Out of the friendship came an opportunity to give of his life for others. Next to the founder himself, is he a father of this college. It was to him as the child of a dear friend. He knew why he gave, and what was to be done with the gift. In founding the library, he planned that there should be books for students, books for professors, books for detailed consultation, and a place for the books of the students themselves,—"The Monographs of Wellesley College," he called them.

He believed that "time taken for rest is time taken for work." He provided that one year out of seven should be spent by the professors abroad.

The ozone machine, purifying the Chapel air, the electric lighting of the library, are likewise his thoughtful provision. He was made an honorary member of the Class of '86. He dropped the "honorary" and took most active interest in their welfare. Many a young man and woman he was wont to help by money or a friendly letter.

He was a man wise, generous, extremely kind and hospitable, deeply interested in life. Though so quiet, his was a bold Norse spirit, daring all things, patient, brave. He was religious, loving the church of God, regarding the spiritual sacraments as its very life.

There must be high employ beyond for men like him. Not mere rest, not harp play, but some great thing needed beyond the stars. A great workman is summoned for some great service, where the laws of earth are fulfilled in the laws of heaven; where life is completed in the countless ages of eternity.

The college post-office was opened for the use of the students and faculty on Saturday, January 28. Each box has three keys, and is used for the mail of three students. Expressions of satisfaction with the new order are mingled with

lamentations over the loss of keys, or their non-appearance at critical moments.

Major Pond, with a courtesy that Wellesley has had opportunity to appreciate before, provided tickets for all who wished to attend Lieutenant Peary's lectures on the afternoons of February 4 and 11. Many of the students embraced the opportunity of hearing the history of the latest Arctic expedition from the lips of the leader himself.

Miss Charlotte H. Conant and Miss Florence Bigelow, of the Class of '84, have purchased a house on Walnut Hill, Natick, where they will open a preparatory school next September. Miss Shafer and the Misses Eastman have given the new enterprise their cordial support.

The Wellesley College Glee and Banjo Club will give, on the evening of March 4, in the Wellesley Town Hall, a concert for the benefit of St. Andrew's Parish and the Wellesley College Boat-House. Price of reserved seats 75 cents. Admission 50 cents.

The class in Constitutional History held a session of the House of Commons in the gymnasium Saturday evening, February 7. Owing to the prevalence of measles in the college, many of the invitations that had been sent out were withdrawn by order of the Board of Health. The audience was, therefore, smaller than it would otherwise have been, but it was not lacking in enthusiasm. The speakers were alternately cheered and hissed by the opposing factions, for every one present was supposed to take sides in the party strife. The costumes and "make-up" of the members were excellent and their speeches delivered with life-like fire and vigor. The following were the orators of the occasion in the order of their speaking: —

House of Commons.

(Extraordinary Session.)

| Notices of Bills. | | Questions. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Debate. | | | |
| Chamberlain, | (L. U.) | Birmingham, | Miss Young. |
| Collings, | (L. U.) | Bordesley, | " Ham. |
| Bryce, | (L.) | Aberdeen, | " White. |
| Lowther, | (C.) | Thanet, | " Barker. |
| Balfour, | (C.) | Manchester, | " Bigelow. |
| Morley, | (L.) | Newcastle, | " Brooks. |
| Harcourt, | (L.) | Derby, | " Damon. |
| O'Brien, | (A. P.) | Cork, | " Dewey. |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Redmond, | (P.) | Waterford, | Miss Lucas. |
| Hicks-Beach, | (C.) | Bristol, | " Scandlin. |
| Harrington, | (P.) | Dublin, | " Mason. |
| Macdermott, | (A. P.) | Kilkenny | " Count. |

Motion of resolutions of want of confidence in the government.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Matthews, | (C.) | Birmingham, | " Frear. |
| Churchill, | (C.) | Paddington, | " Grenell. |
| Burns, | (Labor.) | Battersea, | " Freeman. |
| Labouchere, | (L.) | Northampton, | " Foley. |
| Temple, | (C.) | Surrey, | " Cleland. |
| McCarthy, | (A.P.) | Longford, | " Kendall. |
| Gladstone, | (L.) | Midlothian, | " Tomlinson. |

Division.

House adjourned.

One of the most enjoyable concerts of the year was the song recital by Max Heinrich on Thursday evening, February 9. The program was a delightful one, including songs of both the German and English schools, and the audience had no fault to find with its rendering. Their enthusiasm increased with each number, being perhaps greatest after the last, — the "Erl-König," — sung as an encore for Schumann's "Two Grenadiers."

## Society Notes.

On the evening of February 1, Phi Sigma initiated four new members, — Misses Mary Chase, Louise Warren, Inez Hopkins, and Caroline Jacobus. After the initiation the following program was presented: —

Summary of the Life and Work of William Morris: —

I. Morris's Presonality . . . . . Susan E. Huntington
II. Morris's Development as a Literary Artist . . . Mary Dillingham
III. Morris's Relation to his Age . . . . . Lucy Hartwell
IV. Discussion: "Is the Soul Progress of Morris Typical of the Age?"
Opened by Mary A. Tooker.

Miss Caroline Dresser, Miss Marian Parker, and Miss Fanny Woodford were the guests of that society for the evening.

On Tuesday evening, February 7, the subject of the semester's study was concluded with a talk by Miss Scudder on "William Morris, and Socialism," delivered to Phi Sigma informally in Society Hall.

The regular meeting of Zeta Alpha was held on the evening of Saturday, February 11, when Miss Martha McCaulley and Miss Lena Brown were welcomed as the guests of the society.

The program was the first given on the present semester's subject of study, which is "The Outlook from the Three-Mountain City." The "outlook" is to be taken from the three hills as standpoints, beginning with Copp's Hill, from which the historical life of Boston is viewed. The following was the program:—

THE PURITAN TOWN.

I. Glimpses of Boston from the Standpoint of an Early Settler, Alethea Ledyard
II. Old Songs
Invitation
Cousin Jedidiah . Misses Wood, Dennis, Willis, and Wilcox
III. Boston's Indian Neighbors . . . . . M. Louise Boswell
IV. Growth of the Spirit of Independence . . . Mary P. Dennis
V. Music — Minuet, by Boccherini . . . . Gertrude Bigelow
VI. Social Life in Colonial Boston
Paper illustrated by tableaux . . . . Julia S. Buffington

The Art Society held a regular meeting in the Art Gallery, January 14, 1893. The following program was presented:—

Paper: Art of the Stage . . . . . Miss Reed
Paper: Art of the Actor . . . . . Miss Irish
Sketches of Some Famous Actors:—
a. Irving . . . . . Miss Whitlock
b. Booth . . . . . Miss Hippen
c. Bernhardt . . . . . Miss E. MacWilliams

THE AGORA.

Program of the regular meeting of January 14:—

The Functions of the Senate . . . . . Miss Tobey
Rules and Methods of Procedure of the Senate . . . Miss Weed
The President of the Senate . . . . . Miss Bisbee
The Functions of the House . . . . . Miss Brownell
Rules and Methods of Procedure of the House . . . . Miss Slater
The Speaker of the House . . . . . Miss Burgess

New Members:

Miss Grace Dewey, '93. Miss Caroline Field, '94.
Miss Helen Mason, '93. Miss Arline Smith, '95.

## College Bulletin.

Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday. Concert by the Glee and Banjo Clubs in the College Chapel.
Feb. 26. Prof. Curtis of Boston University preaches in the Chapel.
Feb. 27. Lecture by the Rev. W. Hudson Shaw on "Wilburforce."
March 13. Lecture on "Whittier" by Mr. Horace Scudder.
March 19. Rev. Frederick Palmer of Andover preaches in the Chapel.
March 23. Term ends.

## Alumnae Notes.

A meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club was held with Miss Mary Lyman, Saturday, January 28. In spite of the very disagreeable weather, thirty members of the club were present. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, who was the guest of the afternoon, spoke at some length of the great loss which the month of January had brought to the college, to the Board of Trustees, and to the classes of '86 and '89, in the death of Prof. Eben Horsford and Bishop Phillips Brooks. The members of the club were much interested in hearing of the many changes which had come to the college since the days when they were a part of its life. In response to a letter of request from Prof. Whiting, Miss Helen Hill, '92 was delegated by the club to confer with the committee at the college upon the Wellesley exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in social intercourse.

The last monthly meeting of the Washington State Wellesley Club was held on November 11 at the house of Mrs. Charlotte Miller Middlebrook, '91. Representatives of several of the different classes were present. The aim of the club thus far has not been for any definite line of study, but rather for mutual friendship and helpfulness.

A Wellesley party was held during the Christmas holidays at Northfield, Minn. The participants were Mrs. Soule Metcalf, '80, Miss Edith Metcalf, '80, Miss Florence Soule, '89, and Miss Alice Libby, '89.

Miss Edith Metcalf, '80, is at Mr. Moody's Bible Institute, 230 La Salle Avenue, Chicago.

The friends of Miss Jessie Allen, '87, will be sorry to learn that she has been very seriously ill with typhoid fever. She has been taken from St. Louis home, and by latest reports was convalescent.

Miss Catharine Burrowes, '87, passed ten days of her Christmas vacation with Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89.

Miss Adelaide Dennis, '87, is teaching in St. Louis.

Miss Clara M. Keefe, '87, is studying music in Boston. The address is 77 West Rutland Square.

Miss Edith True, '87, still has charge of the education of the Misses Hunnewell.

Miss Mary E. Parker, '87, has charge of the music in the public schools of Altoona, Pa. 4600 pupils come under her supervision. Her address is 1501 Seventh Avenue.

Miss Marion Ely, '88, has recently enjoyed a California trip.

Miss May Cook, '88, is studying under Miss Talbot and Professor Moulton at the University of Chicago.

Miss Louise Magone, '89, is teaching Greek and English literature at the High School in Marinette, Wis.

Miss Alice Libby, '89, is teaching Greek and Latin in the Hardy School, Duluth, Minn.

Miss Grace Lee, '89, is at home in Springfield, Mass.

Miss Louise Pearsons, '89, has charge of the Mathematics in the Preparatory Department of the Northwestern University, Evanston.

The engagement of Miss Dorothy Dole, '89, is announced.

Miss May Margaret Fine, '89, has been visiting in Chicago and Louisville.

Miss Louise Pinney, '89, is teaching in a private school in Los Angeles.

Miss Leona Lebus, '89, is teaching in the High School in the same city.

Miss Anita Whitney, '89, has been traveling in the East since the class reunion in June.

Miss Jennie Dingley, spec. '85-'89, is teaching in Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Miss May Banta, '89, who is living in the village of Wellesley, has nine lecture hours and sixteen laboratory hours a week in a chemistry course at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Miss Ruth Abbott, '89, is occupying the position held by Miss Caro Drew, '89, in Brookfield, Conn.

Miss Katharine J. Lane, '89, is again at Freehole, N.J., as teacher in the Young Ladies' Seminary.

The address of Mrs. Mary Walker Porter, '89, for the winter, is 266 State Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

Miss Mary Lowe Stevens, '89, is still teaching in the Prospect High School, Greenfield, Conn.

Miss Katharine Horton, '89, is a teacher of Mathematics at the Connecticut Literary School, Suffield, Conn.

A series of articles on German life by Miss Ethel Paton, '89, have recently appeared in the "New York Herald."

Miss Abbee Carter Goodloe, '89, has a review of Agnes Repplier's latest book in the "Christian Union" for Dec. 24, '92.

Miss Alice Brewster, '89, retains her position in Trenton, N.J.

The members of the Class of '89 will be interested to know that Raymond Whiton Thompson, "the boy of the rattle," continues to do credit to his aunts. His home is 5 Pine Street, Concord, N.H.

Miss Jane Freeman, '90, on her way from Montana to New York, visited Mrs. Charlotte Allen Farnsworth in Colorado, Miss May E. Cook, '88, in Chicago, and Miss Belle Sherwin, '90, in Cleveland. In the spring she will return to her ranch life.

Miss Fannie Knapp, '90, is making a collection of Alaskan folk-lore in her home in Sitka.

Miss May West, '91, is visiting in Chicago and Minnesota. She will not return East until summer.

Miss Emma M. Squiers, '91, is teaching in Corning, N.Y. Her address for the remainder of the year will be 159 East 1st Street, Corning, N.Y.

Miss Emily Stewart, '92, is spending the winter in California.

Miss Agnes Holbrook, '92, entered upon residence at Hull House, Chicago, Feb. 1st.

Miss Candace Stimson, '92, has been visiting in Chicago.

## Marriages.

CASTLE—WING. In Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, Dec. 25, 1892, Mabel R. Wing, '87, of Lexington, Mass., to Henry N. Castle of Honolulu.

APPLETON—FOLLETT. At St. Johnsbury, Vt., Dec., 1892, Lena Follett, '89, to Rev. Frank Appleton. Their home will be in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

PACKARD—HOWE. At Chicago, Jan. 23, 1893, Caroline Howe, '86–'88, to George Packard. At home after April 1st. 1922 Barry Avenue.

MITCHELSON—ELY. At Windsor, Conn., Dec. 31, 1892, May Violet Ely, '87, to Ariel Mitchelson, jr.

## Births.

To Mrs. Camille Gowans Sikes, '90, Jan. 7, 1893, a son, Frederick Gilbert, jr.

To Mrs. Mary Meriam Coman, '84, Nov. 20, 1892, a daughter, Harriett.

To Mrs. Sylvia Foote Gosnell, '89, Sept., 1892, a son, Frank Lemuel.

To Mrs. Mary Zimmerman Fisk, '89, Dec. 23, 1892, a son.

To Mrs. Laura Lyon Williams, '87, Jan. 7, 1893, twin daughters.

## Deaths.

In Philadelphia, Feb. 3, Dr. Spencer C. Devan, leaving two children and a widow, Harriet Beecher Scoville Devan, of '83.

June 26, 1892, in Harrisburg railroad accident, Mr. E. M. Whitlock, father of M. Blanche Whitlock, '92.


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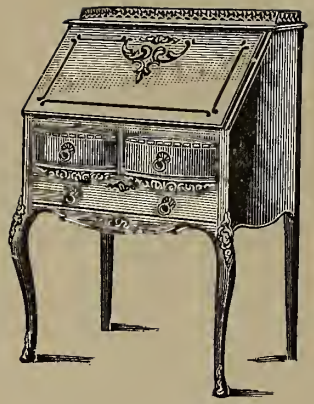

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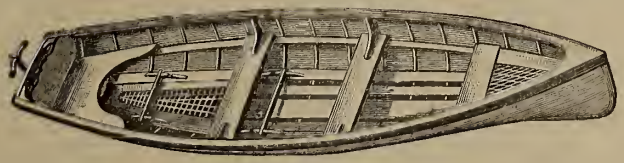

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